Thou maist deserue, or they purpose this vsage,
Comming from vs.

Kent. My Lord, when at their home
I did commend your Highnesse Letters to them,
Ere I was risen from the place that shewed
My duty kneeling, came there a reeking Poste,
Stewd in his haste, halfe breathlesse, panting forth
From *Gonorill* his Mistris, salutations,
Deliuered letters spite of intermission,
Which presently they read; on whose contents
They summond vp their men, straight tooke horse,
Commanded me to follow, and attend the leisure
Of their answer, gaue me cold lookes,
And meeting heere the other Messenger,
Whose welcome I perceiu'd had poisoned mine,
Being the very fellow that of late
Displaid so sawcily against your Highnesse,
Hauing more man then wit about me, drew;
He raised the house with loud and coward cries,
Your sonne and daughter found this trespasse worth
This shame which here it suffers.

Lear. O how this mother swels vp toward my heart,
Hysterica passio downe thou climing sorrow,
Thy element's below, where is this daughter?

Kent. With the Earle sir within.

Lear. Follow me not, stay there.

Knight. Made you no more offence then what you speake of?

Kent. No, how chance the King comes with so small a traine?

Foole. If thou hadst beene set in the stockes for that question, thou hadst well deserued it.

Kent. Why foole?

Foole. Wee'l set thee to schoole to an Ant, to teach thee ther's no labouring in the winter, all that follow their noses, are led by their eyes, but blinde men, and there's not a nose among a hundred, but can smell him that's stincking; let goe thy hold when a great wheele runs downe a hill, least it breake thy necke with following it, but the great one that goes vp the hil, let him draw thee

thee after, when a wise man
mine againe, I would hau
foole giues it.

That Sir that se
And followes but
Will packe when
And leaue thee in
But I will tarry,
And let the wise
The knaue turnes
The foole no knau

Kent. Where learnt you
Foole. Not in the stockes

Enter Le

Lear. Deny to speake wi
They traueld hard to night,
I the images of reuolt and f
Fetch me a better answer.

Glost. My deare Lord, you
how vnremoueable and fixt

Lear. Veangeance, death
ty; why *Gloucester*, *Gloucester*,
wall, and his wife.

Glost. I my good Lord.

Lear. The King would sp
Would with his daughter
Fiery Duke, tell the hot Du
No but not yet, may be he
Infirmity doth still neglect
Is bound, we are not our sel
Commands the minde to su
And am fallen out with my
To take the indispos'd and
Death on my state, wherefo
This acte perswades me, tha

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